

## JOHN BEGRIN Contractor and Builder

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished  
on Brick and Cement Work.

25 YEARS EXPERIENCE IN THE BUSINESS.

## The Canyon National Bank

Canyon, Texas.

CAPITAL \$50,000.00

SURPLUS \$20,000.00

We expect business because we work  
to get it and work to keep it by doing  
our best to please.

### NO DISTINCTION

Is made in the treatment of customers,  
small depositors receiving the  
same courteous consideration of our  
officers and employes as those having  
larger accounts.

## LAND BARGAINS

BEING an "Old Timer" here I am well  
posted on values and know bargains  
when I see them. I am in a position to show  
you the best FARMS, RANCHES and  
CITY PROPERTY at the LOWEST PRICES

## L. G. CONNER

Real Estate Loans, Live Stock, Rentals  
Office Building, North Side of Square, Canyon City, Texas

## The "OUTDOOR" Herd OF REGISTERED HEREFORD CATTLE

### BULLS IN SERVICE

Strike Twenty No. 188,865 (Anxiety-Hesoid)  
Winsome Prince No. 172,425 (Rose Stock-Post Obiz) Imp.  
Armour Dale No. 156,843 (Anxiety-Dale)

### FOR SALE

One car load two and three year old bulls.  
One car load yearling bulls.  
Ten head two year old heifers with suitable bull.  
Ten head yearling heifers with suitable bull.  
One hundred head cows with calves on foot.

—ADDRESS—

John Hutson, Canyon City, Texas

If you want to make a train or go to  
any part of the city, phone No. 79

## BRENT C. TAYLOR

Owner of the New Opera Coach  
Reasonable Prices.

## INDIAN MOTOCYCLES

The only one that gets there and back again.

C. D. SEARS, Agt. Canyon, Texas

## Hezekiah's Mistake

A Scholar Who Didn't Like  
School Discipline.

By GWENDOLIN ADAMS

Copyright, 1909, by American Press  
Association.

A big awkward boy was Hezekiah Griggs, a pupil in the school of Eben Watson. The history class was up for recitation, but Hezekiah, though he had plenty of brains, had not applied them to studying the lesson.

He was growing decidedly uncomfortable. He knew well what an unprepared lesson meant, for in those days no weak leniency was shown to delinquents. To be sure, this was the first recitation Hezekiah had missed during the term, but was not that an aggravation of the offense? Since he had managed so long without failing, why fail at all?

Hezekiah was aware that as soon as the class was dismissed he would receive a not altogether unmerited flogging. He was perspiring at every pore. The icicles with which he had meant to refresh the thirsty occupants of the back seats melted in the intense heat, and a tiny stream of ice water trickled slowly from the extremity of either pocket and formed a miniature pool in the bottom of each cowhide boot.

The young offender was growing desperate, and when the master, having dismissed the other members of the history class, turned to him with the command, "Take off your coat, sir!" the boy stepped forward and obeyed with a feeling of actual relief.

"Your conduct has been most reprehensible, sir," said the master, pushing up his coat sleeve and testing the strength of his ruler, while thirty pairs of eyes gazed spellbound and awful silence reigned.

"Most reprehensible, sir?" he repeated, and the ruler fell with a thwack which sent the blood tingling through every vein in the culprit's body.

Hezekiah never knew exactly what happened after that. He remembered that an insane desire for vengeance overcame him. He wanted to thrash the master, to thrash the whole school. Before the weapon could descend a second time he sprang at his assailant with clinched fists and blazing eyes.

There was a moment of breathless silence while the angry master colored his refractory pupil and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. Then the master, who was once more brought into active play upon the back of Hezekiah Griggs.

"Now, sir," said the master when at length, becoming weary of such severe exertion, he released his hold on Hezekiah's coat collar, "take your seat and learn your history!"

Heedless of the command, the boy seized his jacket and, snatching his cap from its peg on the wall, made a rush for the door. He gained it without opposition, and before the astonished master had time to recover from his surprise he was racing along the highway toward home.

Into the big, roomy kitchen, where Grandfather Griggs himself sat in a great armchair conning the Weekly News, with Grandmother Griggs close by paring apples, he dashed like a runaway engine.

"Why, Hezekiah," exclaimed the good old woman, looking somewhat startled, "a body 'd think you'd been fired from a cannon by the way you come flying in! What's happened?"

Hezekiah sat down and began to explain.

"You don't mean to say you've run away from school?" said the old man when the boy had reached the most interesting part of his narrative. "Oh, Hezekiah!"

The exclamation was full of sorrowful surprise, and Hezekiah's eyes fell.

"I'm not going back to school any more," he said doggedly.

He did not dare look up, for he knew the old man had set his heart on his becoming an educated man, and he expected him to be very angry. But grandfather took off his glasses, wiped them and said:

"Well, Hezekiah, we won't talk about it tonight. You'd best go to the barn and thrash peas till supper time, and we'll settle this matter about school tomorrow."

Hezekiah obeyed. He went about till dark looking triumphant.

Staying away from school was next thing to beating the master. He slept well and arose firm in his determination not to return to school. When his grandfather called him aside after breakfast and tried to convince him that he was wrong Hezekiah was still resolute.

"Well, Hezekiah," the old man said at last, "since your mind's made up there's no use of urging you further. I'd have been glad enough if you had gone, and if you'd have stuck to it I wouldn't have minded a year or two at college to finish off with. As it is, you'll have to earn your living some other way, and I suppose the sooner you set about it the better."

"I'm willing to work, grandfather," Hezekiah said, in some surprise.

"Yes, I know, and I shouldn't wonder if Silas Jones would give you a job for a month or two. He was saying he'd like to get a boy to do chores, and, although you ain't much used to work, if you get round spry you might suit him."

"Grandfather!"

"Or," continued the old man, "if you'd just as soon thrash peas I'll hire you myself. I'll give you every tenth bushel, and you can pay me \$1.50 a week for board. What do you say to that?"

"Just as you like, grandfather," "Very well. Then we'll call it a bargain, and when you're through with that maybe something else will turn up, and if you should be out of a job, why, your little room will be ready for you, and I won't charge a cent more than \$1.50 a week, seeing it's you, Hezekiah."

Hezekiah was disagreeably surprised at the turn affairs had taken. It had never occurred to him that his grandfather, who had cared for him ever since he was left a helpless little orphan ten years before, would cast him off simply because he had tried to thrash the master and wouldn't go to school.

But he started for the barn, trying very hard to look as if things were turning out exactly as he had expected they would. He even managed to whistle faintly as he passed the window, through which he felt his grandfather was regarding him, but the last melancholy note died away long before he reached the barn.

Hezekiah never knew before that his grandfather had harvested so many peas. There they were, brown and crisp and inviting, piled in rough, uneven masses to the top of either mow and stowed away on the beams above him.

The boy tossed down a great heap into the middle of the thrashing floor, picked up his flail and began operations. But it was of no use to try to make himself believe that he liked to thrash peas.

He tried to buoy himself up with the thought that he was earning money, but long before night even this thought failed him as he began to realize that unless he got along considerably faster than he was then doing he would barely earn his board.

He kept steadily at his task for a week and then cleaned up and measured what he had thrashed—exactly forty bushels, of which his share, of course, was four bushels. Peas were worth 60 cents a bushel; accordingly he earned \$2.40. After paying his board he would have 90 cents left—an average of 15 cents a day.

It was discouraging. Grandfather Griggs said not a word, but the boy knew well that if he would only acknowledge himself in the wrong and promise to go back to school and obey the master the old place in his grandfather's heart and home was ready for him.

But pride would not permit him to yield, and all through the short December days and the first month of the new year the regular clip-clap of the flail was heard without intermission and the heap of peas in the granary grew and grew till it amounted to 250 bushels.

Hezekiah had almost completed his task and was rejoicing to think that he and the flail, which, in spite of their long standing fellowship, he cordially hated, were about to part company.

A boy is like a colt. Nothing is so well calculated to drive the nonsense out of his head and make him trustworthy as a little regular work. Hezekiah did not know this, but he was quite conscious that he did not feel as he had felt six weeks before.

He had been doing some hard thinking while swinging the flail and had begun to see that he was not altogether the fine fellow he had always imagined himself to be.

He had worked harder at this job of thrashing peas than he had ever done at anything before, and yet his earnings were barely sufficient to board and clothe him while thus engaged. He thought the matter over and came to the conclusion that he owed his grandfather something for all those years of helpless childhood, wherein the old man's love and care had been watchful and unremitting.

Hezekiah had a conscience. It was very like other boy's consciences, full of contradictions and absurdities; but, for all that, it pointed out that the least he could render to his grandfather for all his kindness was a willing obedience.

He made up his mind he would do it, and as he wielded the flail above the last "flooring" he was bravely resolving to tell his grandfather all that was in his heart. So deeply engrossed was he in pondering over this good resolution that he did not observe a dark shadow which fell between him and the sunlight that streamed through the open door till a voice said:

"Well, Hezekiah, you're just about done, I see."

The boy looked up and saw the benevolent face of his good grandfather smiling down upon him.

"You've done very well—very well," continued the old man approvingly. "I'd no idea that you would keep at it till they were finished. I believe there's the making of a man in you after all, Hezekiah. What were you thinking of going at next?"

The blood rushed to the boy's forehead, and his heart beat wildly, but he managed to say, "I'm a mean sneak, grandfather, but if you'd just as soon I believe I'll go back to school."

"All right," returned the old man calmly, "I'd just as lief."

And so, after all, things turned out very much as Grandfather Griggs had intended they should. Hezekiah went back to school, took his whipping for running away, finished his course in the history class and in due time went to college.

He became a prosperous city physician and still lives to tell his grandchildren of the fun they used to have in the little log schoolhouse years ago, and they often laugh over the mistake he made the time he undertook to thrash the master.

## Enlarging Your Business



for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent

annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to year you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store.

We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you.

If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.

When the forests are all out and the mines are but empty holes,

## Panhandle Farm Lands

will be giving up their bounty and increasing in value forever.

Not long since this paragraph appeared in a certain paper: "What better inducements can be offered the emigrants than good lands hereabouts at \$2.00 per acre and a good healthy climate for all products raised."

It seems almost impossible to believe that land today is worth from \$150 to \$300 per acre should have gone beginning then at \$2.00. This contrast in prices, however, is valuable as 10 years hence other paragraphs will be reminding their readers of the wonderful opportunities they overlooked in not buying Randall County land when it was so cheap in 1909-10. Progress does not end with this generation, and while lands may seem high now they will continue to go higher. MORAL IS

### BUY RANDALL COUNTY LAND NOW.

In the country of good crops, cheap and productive lands. Among a moral, healthy, prosperous and contented people. Where all the essentials are combined, soil, water, climate and prices. Write us and we will tell you, come to see us and we will show you.

## SMITH & MONROE

Canyon City, Texas

Farms, Ranches and Canyon City Property.

## Happy's New Store

We beg to announce that on Sept. 15, we opened an entirely new stock of general merchandise in our own building which we recently erected. We are opening this business for the reason that the country is developing so rapidly that the business has become a necessity to accommodate the trade now coming to Happy. In order to keep this trade we must offer the best in our stock of

Dry Goods. Groceries. Boots. Shoes. Gent's Furnishings. Hardware. Implements and all kinds of Good Groceries.

We invite the inspection of the buying public and when you are in Happy make your self happy in our store—we want to meet everyone who trades in our town. We think we can interest you with our goods and prices.

## Plains Supply Co.

Happy, Texas.

## MONEY LOANED ON REAL ESTATE

LONG TIME, EASY PAYMENTS,  
RELIABLE REPRESENTATIVES WANTED.

## The Jackson Loan & Trust Company

Ft. Worth, Texas and Jackson, Mississippi.

Subscribe for the "Newsy" News now.